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A MOTHER'S ANSWER.

BY E. A. H.

"I've kissed him, and let him go."

The following touching poem, which we copy from the Springfield, (Vt.) Republican, is in reply to the beautiful poem entitled, "Kiss me, mother, and let me go."

It's my baby boy, and this is my plea:
Perhaps it is foolish and weak,
But mothers, for aye, will have pity on me,
And some word will tenderly speak.

The light of my home—my tears fall like rain,
Is it wonder I drink from the blow?
That my heart is crushed by its weight of pain?
But I've kissed him, and let him go.

There are some, I know, who feel a strange
joie
In giving their country their all,
Who covet it a glory that boys from their side
In the strife ready to fall.

But I, sitting here, have no pride in my heart;
(God forgive me that this should be so!)
For the boy that I love the tears will start,
Yet I've kissed him and let him go.

Last night, with soft steps, I stole to his bed,
As oft in his childhood I'd done,
On his pillow I bowed my poor, stricken head,
Till out of the East rose the sun.

His dreams were of me; for he turned in his
sleep,
And murmured "Dear mother," so low I
Lest my pale lips, lest they'd cowardly speak,
"O, my darling, I can't let you go!"

This morning I blessed him; I kissed his pain;
I bade him be true to his trust;
To stand by the flag till his country again
Should raise its proud head from the dust.

I knew by the light in his beautiful eyes—
By his face with true courage aglow—
He'd fight to the last. I choked back my sobs,
While I kissed him, and let him go.

But, O, sitting here this desolate day,
Still there comes no feeling of pride;
But one knows my need, and to Him will I
Pray.

I can trust Him whatever befalls,
And if he shall call—(O, faint heart, be still!)
I know he will summon the slow,
And I yet may feel a patriot's thrill
That I kissed him, and let him go.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

We are kindly permitted to publish the following highly interesting letter, descriptive of the battle of Antietam:

SHARPSBURG, Md.,
Sept. 26, 1862.

Dear Brother:—Some days have elapsed since two of the hardest contested battles of the war were fought—and this is the first that I have attempted to notice my safety to my friends; so worn out by fatigue that I have hardly cared whether I was safe myself.

From "Bull's Run" our corps was under the noble Hooker. At the battle of South Mountain we were on the extreme right, and did good service, driving the enemy from the top of the mountain, and holding the point until eight p. m., when our brigade was relieved by some of Rickett's troops who held it until morning, while we retired a few rods to the rear and camped for the night, about played out, having marched eighteen miles that day under knapsacks and fought from four p. m.

The following day we were not the pursuers, but left our camp about noon, marched to near Kuddysville and camped. Early on the 16th we marched to the Antietam Creek, and halted for a rest as those before us had done. Here, our arms stacked in long lines stood glistening in the sun, our weary soldiers lay around trying to catch the little rest these respite in marches afford, when suddenly a rebel battery on a bluff across the stream opened on us, effectually arousing the sleepers, and causing no little stir among the infantry, until they could be formed in the rear, out of harm's way. Quite a number were killed at this first fire. A solid six pound shot took a poor fellow's head off directly in front of me, and carried away 6 inches of a gun barrel in a stack by which I was sitting. About one hour was consumed in as fierce an artillery strife as any we had heard of in the Rappahannock, when the enemy withdrew from the front range of hills.

About 5 p. m. we marched to the right of the creek, our brigade on the lead, and crossed the Antietam by fording in two feet of water. When all across we moved still to the right some two miles. About sundown our right of way was disputed both by sharpshooters and artillery, and the most terrible spectacle presented itself that you can imagine: artillery playing at short range along the whole line, with shell and grape. The enemy were in a piece of woods, to which he clung most tenaciously—his position so effectively concealed by darkness as to be discovered only by his flashes. Our infantry skirmishers advanced, the artillery following, until we drove him from the woods; but another piece beyond contains him. Soon his cannon ceased to play, and in the

darkness his whereabouts is doubtful. All is quiet, save the scattering shots of skirmishers. But hark! A full round volley, as if of brigade! another, and still another rings from the woods beyond. We have no troops there. They are shooting among themselves. Good! good! is the exclamation of us all.

Our brigade took position on the Sharpsburg and Hagerstown turnpike, on the extreme right. Your servant had the duty assigned him to throw out pickets to our front, which was done so near the enemy's lines that we could hear him talk, and actually saw him with a candle at the battery, making ready for a morning salute. We all, save the vigilant picket, rested as only tired soldiers can, for the night.

At earliest dawn we had two batteries planted, one covering the other by a rise of ground. But before all the pieces were fully in position, the enemy opened on us with shot and shell—the first gun on the 17th. We were protected by a partial stone wall; behind which we laid out full hour, while a severe struggle was carried on with parrot and howitzer. The enemy changed position—and we were changed. The battle now became general along the whole line—cannot and musketry almost deafening. About eight a. m., we were ordered to advance and retake a piece of ground—a cornfield, &c., which had once been taken and yielded. We advanced and advanced far beyond the ordered point driving Texas troops before us, but were soon ordered back to the proper line, which we held, pouring a flank fire into masses of the enemy that were now engaging Segwick on our right. So severe was that engagement that Segwick was compelled to fall back, thereby exposing our flank, when we were ordered back; this we performed in such perfect order, as to elicit the praise of the general officers on the spot.

General Gibson commanding the brigade next on our left, who, by the way, is an artist of the first order, improved a golden opportunity at this juncture.

He located a battery in front of our new forming line, while the enemy were advancing, and when one of their brigades appeared in full view, he at the proper time "cut loose" with triple shotted guns, which, like a whirlwind sent colors and fragments in the air. The rebels broke and ran in confusion, while Gibbotts sent them his rapid compliments of grape and canister, which told with powerful effect in their ranks.

The Franklin division now coming up fresh, had no great resistance in regaining the yielded ground, and driving the enemy from that portion of the field, while we retired to the rear to supply our ammunition, and refresh the inner man—having eaten nothing since noon the day before.

The conflict seemed to be severe on the left. Burnside had a hard time. He did not drive the enemy as readily as he was expected. The plan was, no doubt, for him to press forward and get possession of the ford at Shepherdstown.

Night found our army quite exhausted. All the forces had been used, except Porter's I think. Our artillery was considerably crippled and in want of ammunition. Morning found all quiet. Caring for the wounded and burying the dead seemed to be the order of the day. The enemy kept up his picket line. Friday we formed lines for advance. But it was soon discovered that the enemy had "skedaddled," leaving his dead and wounded on the field—for miles to the rear, where our artillery had played sad havoc.

May it never be my lot again to behold such scenes as that Friday presented. Such masses of dead! In one place for one hundred rods dead bodies lay in reaching distance of each other. On another spot in an area of perhaps fifteen acres were 700 dead rebels—and so on more or less scattering for miles.

Men differ as to the proportion of their loss to ours. I have carefully surveyed the field, and it is the opinion of nearly all who have done so, that their loss to ours is three to one.

We are still camped quite near the battle field, but only McDowell's old corps is here. Where the balance of the army is, no one here knows—that will tell. Our brigade lost in the two battles 180 killed and wounded,

our regiment 50. Our division that two months ago, as good, if not the best in the field, 8,000 strong for duty, does not now number 2,500.

Whence I shall be heard from next, time will disclose. Meanwhile I remain your brother,
N. B. FOWLER.

AMERICAN GENTILITY.

In European countries the aim at anything like gentility implies keeping one or more domestics to perform household labors; but in our free states every family aims at gentility, while not one in five keeps a domestic. The aim is not a foolish one, though follies may accompany it,—for the average ambition of our people includes certain amount of refined cultivation—it is only that the process is exhausting.

Every woman must have a best parlor with haircloth furniture and a photograph book; she must have a piano, or some cheaper substitute; her little girls must have embroidered skirts and much mathematical knowledge; her husband must have two or even three hot meals every day of his life; and yet her house must be in perfect order early in the afternoon, and she prepared to go out and pay calls, with a black silk dress and a card case.

In the evening she will go to a concert or a lecture, and then, at the end of all, she will very possibly sit up after midnight with her sewing-machine, doing extra shop-work to pay for little Ella's music lessons. All this every "capable" New England woman will do, or die. She does it, and dies; and then we are astonished that her vital energy gives out sooner than that of an Irishwoman in a shanty, with no ambition on earth but to supply her young Patricks with adequate potatoes.—T. W. Higginson.

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

The late William Hazitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. "Authors ought to be read and not heard," and as to actors they could not speak tragedies in the drawing room, and their wit was likely to be comical and farce of a second hand. The biography of men of letters, in a measure confirms this opinion. Some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere nutes before their fellow men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings in the market place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; Lefontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."—Chambers' Journal.

TWO WAYS OF FISHING.

When men go a fishing for trout they take a light, tapering pole, with a fine silken line attached, and a sharp hook with a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water and let it float to the fish, which nibbles, and by a slight twitch is landed safely on the bank. But when men go fishing for souls, they tie a cable on a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great clank of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voices, "Bite or be damned."—Dr. Bellows.

NEW ENGLAND ARTILLERY.

The following is an extract from a late letter of an occasional Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveller.

The different batteries from Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island are the occasion of many favorable comments among military and naval men in Washington. It is due to Rhode Island to say that her artilleryists appear to bear off the palm. The reputation for this may be found in the fact that her batteries were among the first in the field, and, consequently, they have had the most practice. As far as truth of the statement is established, it is creditable to your little neighbor.

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

What a rich and attractive book might be written by a person who has the genius—it must be almost a passion—upon *Autumnal Scenes and Sounds*. How unlike the flush of Midsummer, the new life and glow of May, or the grand march of the Winter Months, would it be, in the scenes it presents. And then in sounds, as well as sights, how differently they strike the ear,—oh, the heart, too. Now, they are full; but subdued; uttered in solemn cadences in the twilight, the shades of evening, or hedge or forest aisle—all unlike the joyous notes of Spring, breaking from every throat in the glorious sunlight, and from every bounding creature that can lift its voice to Heaven! What surpassing Wisdom and Love is manifested in the changing seasons! What a different class of sensations, of hopes and delights, they bring to all observing and reflecting minds—and how gently, and confidently they lead us up to Him who created and arranged them.

With what unusual quiet and beauty these sights and sounds have come upon us this season. No untimely frost has fallen upon the foliage or flower to lay them low in their prime, and they have been left to assume their varied hues by the gradual process of ripening. In low places, where the roots of trees do not take deep root, they began to put on their autumnal drapery early in September, and gave the hedge and copse a beautiful appearance at that early day. The process has been going on until the highways and byways, and the grand old forests, are beaming in a splendor of unrivalled hues: No wonder that the poet declares that the "year grows splendid." What a gratification it must be to the writer, to be able to express the thoughts given in this beautiful little poem, on

OCTOBER.

BY LYDIA A. CALDWELL.

The year grows splendid! on the mountain steep
Now fingers long the warm and gorgeous light,
Dying by slow degrees into the deep
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the woods' magnificent array;
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,
And slope away.

The elm, with musical, slow motion, waves
His long, litha branches in the tender air;
While from his top the gay Sordello waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets 'neath the fern,
Where Summer's fingers open, fold after fold
The odorous, wild, red rose's heart, now burn
The leaves of gold.

The softest hill—the lowliest, flowering herb—
The fairest fruit of season and of climate—
All wear alike the flood of the superb
Autumnal time.

Now nature pours her last and noblest wine!
Like some Bacchant beside the slugging streams,
Reclines the enchanted Day, rapt in divine
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the vales, beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow—dim, and end, and vast—
And fingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills—
A voice that mourns among the haunted woods,
And with the mystery of its sorrow fills
The solitude.

For while gay Autumn glides the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest festal garments wear,
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty sheaf
Binds up the year.

The mighty sheaf which never is unloosed!
The Reaper whom our souls beseech in vain!
The loved, lost years that never may be found
Or loved again.

GEN. BUTLER vs. REVERDY JOHNSON.

A staff officer from New Orleans, now in this city, asserts that when the Hon. Reverdy Johnson was there, ostensibly for the purpose of arranging matters between Gen. Butler and the foreign rebels, he made himself very obnoxious to the soldiers and Union citizens there by his intimacy with the secession aristocrats, and the freedom with which he became their guests. Mr. Johnson occupied much of his time in modifying the punishment and remitting the fines of rebels which had been inflicted by order of Gen. Butler. On one occasion the value in gold of half a cargo in cotton, the other half of which was exchanged for munitions of war which Gen. Butler had seized and was sending to Secretary Chase, was ordered by Mr. Johnson to be returned to the rebel firm. Gen. Butler summoned the mercenary rebels to his presence. They came, and Mr. Johnson with them. The General exhibited the order, and then landed

them a check for the amount, at the same time requesting them to remain in custody. They exhibited astonishment at this, inquiring if they were to be punished. "Certainly," replied the General; of course you are. Do you suppose two such d-d traitors are going to evade justice and violate with impunity the laws of this Republic? Yes; I will show you that you shall be punished." "How?" they asked in terror, "what will you do with us?" "Don't know; possibly only send you to Fort Pickens, with a ball and chain—probably hang you." "Well, but," interposed Mr. Johnson, "if I am going to make matters worse than they were before, I think I had better go home." "I think so, too," said Gen. Butler, emphatically. Mr. Johnson is now, and has been since his return, using every available means to procure the removal of Gen. Butler. Thirty thousand poor people, white and black, are still fed from our commissariat at New Orleans, and Gen. Butler levies on the rich rebels every month to meet the current expense, and we are assured that there are now over \$200,000 in this contingent fund.

RELIGIOUS.

"I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil."—Johns.

A mother yearning over the cradle of her child, the father ushering his son upon the arena of the world, friend parting with friend, echo the Saviour's prayer with all the fervor of undying love mingled with vain regret. For who would not shelter the beloved, first of all, from the arrows of temptation, those fearful shafts of the enemy pointed at each human heart?

In a little while the now innocent and happy child must go forth comparatively alone, to bear life's burdens, perform its tasks, and make its impress for good or evil upon its day and generation. Its unstained soul wears no mask; there is no shadow on its backward path, as it accepts the new teaching of the world for the old ministrations of parental love.

Now comes the test of childhood's discipline, the proof that the flowers of virtue have deep root in the soil, or only superficial growth without strength; that its seeming goodness is an inherent part of character, or the absence of opportunity; in short, whether there is abiding principle within, or but a hot house growth that withers upon exposure.

Idle and faithless were the prayer that God should take out of the world the innocent ones for whom we tremble; but all are permitted to beseech Him that He would guard them from the evil; nor should the parent permit his watchfulness to sleep when from the sheltering roof the young go forth to tread new paths, mingle with strange associates, and assume new cares and responsibilities. Let wise words of council, expressions of tender solicitude, exhortations to spiritual strength, accompany the young pilgrim on life's journey; and above all, let the light of a pure example go with the pure precept, that might may be wanting in the circle of parental duty.

There can be no higher earthly joy than that experienced by the good parent who sees in his child the fruition of those hopes that were born with him into time, that hung around his cradle bed, that grew with his growth, and promised a rich harvest for all his cares; nor can there be a keener pang, unless for unrepented sin, than that which pierces the heart when that child's feet go astray, when the light of his eye is darkened, when his once pure lips are sullied by unhallowed words or profaned by the intoxicating cup.

If there were sought else to keep the young from the dread gulf of sin, it would seem that the remembrance of a mother's love and a father's watchful care were sufficient; that the dread of piercing hearts so tender and so true would ward away temptation, and keep the fair brow turned heavenward until crowned by angels.

How many hearts have been rung by the curse of an answered prayer. "Life, only life!" implores the mother by the bedside of her suffering child; and in years that follow, that life may so darken hers that she find would hide herself from the dread shadow, even in the grave. How much better, under the foreboding of some threatened ill, the sublime calculation, all prayers in one, "Thy will be done."

By spotless example and wise precepts, by the influences of a happy home, by ever ready sympathy, whether of joy or sorrow, let the youthful mind be prepared for its entrance upon the sterner duties of matured life. They cannot be separated from evil; for it stalks everywhere, under all guises; but they can be fortified to overcome it. Let them be taught to shut out temptation, for no wise man invites it, but give them a talisman to detect it under its devious masks.

Thus the parent can do much, very much, but not all. He cannot go with the departing feet; he can only follow them with his prayers, and wait, and hope, and trust in God that the child of his love shall sit with him at the table of the Lamb, crowned with the white wreath of innocence, an honored guest, a faithful servant, accepted of God, in the paradise of just men made perfect. A. J. C.

—New England Farmer.

The heart is the very citadel of religion; the head is the servant, only, of the heart.

Money is a despotic queen, and binds her slaves with fetters.